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of nature. Judging from the modern savage, who may be regarded as living in his age of bronze or iron, our early ancestors thought of little but eating and sleeping, they passed their time in brutish employments and gossip, regarding nothing but the needs of the hour.

From such as these the wonder is, not that we have only traveled a short distance along the artistic path, but that we should have started at all! How man acquired any sense of the beautiful, or how he succeeded in rising at all above the idea of food and clothing is a problem that must cause everyone to think.

Man, however, has succeeded in making fine pottery, and who knows but in the savage nations, now being hurled back or absorbed by the march of civilization, there might be the germ of artistic talent to blossom in the centuries yet unborn?

THE new Bohemian glass elixir bottle is a true biped, but with legs wofully abbreviated. Its neck is long and slender, its body is boat shaped, and an air of Cesnola antiquity hangs about it, for it recalls that style of amphora used by the ancients for bottling up their tears. Modern tears may just as well be kept on tap. So thinks our society girl, at least, for she uses her amphora for Jamaica rum, and pours out a goodly spoonful into every cup of her freshly brewed Russian tea.

A DELICATELY-COLORED candle-shade made of china has been introduced.

AMONG the novelties in cheap Parian is a recent production—two little pigs, with faces beaming over with smiles, are eyeing the supposed contents of a child's bath. The effect is simply ludicrous in the extreme.

THE Duchess of York, since her marriage, has come into some very valuable possessions. Her dressing-table at York Cottage is composed entirely of the most delicate china, fashioned in a design of Cupids supporting wreaths of white roses (the badge of York); in the hearts of the flowers are tiny electric lights, which throw a soft radiance on the large oval mirror. The brushes, trinket boxes, etc., which lie on this fairy-like table, are all of dull gold, and, in every instance, "May" is written across them in turquoises and diamonds.

NO TABLE is perfect now without fancy glass playing a large part, and the decoration to be perfect in taste must emanate from Stourbridge. Time was when the decoration was all in glass, and well we remember when Mr. Pearce, in St. James Street, led the way with the glass rod and two dishes, top and bottom. But how changed is the table decoration now! Gilded metal has come in to help the glass, and to enable the designer to enlarge his ideas and build up a really crystal combination, which may be ranked as an art of its own; flint or white crystal glass has partly given way to beautiful tinted glass, which robs not the flowers of their beauty nor the green leaves of their color.



ART IN DUPLICATE.



HIT'S moulded!" is a general remark as to glass—often wrong as not, but it is never applied to pottery, which is always moulded when it is not thrown. Not that we would by the word moulded cast one word of reproach, for the *mind* of the designer—if it be a true copy—is as marked as in the original, and we may be thankful that

we can get copies of the minds of our great men in sculpture, etc., as we do in books. Where would be the artistic world if these copies did not exist? Why, we should be on the confines of barbarism as regards art.

If a thing of beauty is a joy forever, so is a true copy a joy, diluted it may be, but still a pleasure, behind which the artist stands out distinctly, claiming our admiration as clearly as though we saw the marks of his modeling stick or the crude idea of his first roughed-out clay model.

That the original of any artist should be sought after is only natural, but that any duplicate of it should be pooh-poohed is absurd; there is the soul of the designer in every correct copy.

Then, again, the notion that everybody has it, is equally absurd. Is the daisy or the violet to be despised because we have them in plenty in our summer fields? Are the stars less beautiful because they shine in millions?

People may want to spend money. Granted! But to despise the beautiful because it is duplicated is nonsense. Is the work of Flaxman less beautiful, is there less mind in his every work, because "Etruria" has made thousands of copies in the last 100 years?

We would not by these remarks—which apply more generally to pottery and bronze than to anything else—infer that there are not bad originals, which disgrace art by their copies; this is so; but grand designs should not be damaged by this; and there is much bad design among our potters no one will doubt; yet in the last century, or early this, there was much art and mind in the cheap figures they produced, not appreciated at the time, which at present fetch very high prices, while the mind which gave them life has only gone to fill up the churchyard unrecognized; but they live by the copies which fill our museums; and this is a sufficient monument; a memory which duplicates will never let die; and here is the value of copies.

Bad designs die out in these duplicates, but grand designers find in their copies a certain recognition, and their talent is never lost; they live with the beautiful in all ages, and find their admirers when bad design is dead.

Perhaps there is nothing in manufactures which has handed down to posterity so much artistic beauty as pottery—china and earthenware—and if the art of duplication had not been as general, what would have become of the art museums? Why, they could not have existed.

In the past we have often found as much latent talent in a sixpenny figure as there was in a marble statue, but it is often left for future generations to find it out by duplication.

In conclusion, do we ever consider how much beauty has been brought to our homes by duplicates of such works as Dannaker's Ariadne, which never left Frankfurt, yet it is familiar to nearly everyone in England by its cheap and beautiful copies in porcelain.